

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

ALLEGED CONTEMPT AND PROFESSIONAL MISCONDUCT IN A SLAVE TRIAL.

BEFORE JUDGE WITHERS OF THE PROBATE COURT.

The State of Ohio ex rel. T. A. O'Connor, Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, vs. Jacob J. Dennis, Attorney at Law.

Judge Burgoon delivered the following opinion in this case:

The specifications laid in this case by the prosecuting Attorney, T. A. O'Connor, under the direction of this Court, charges the respondent, Jacob J. Dennis, with willful misconduct as an attorney and counsellor at law of this Court, while acting as such on the 24th day of November, 1857, in a certain cause then pending and which came up for adjudication in this Court, to wit: A writ of habeas corpus directed to the Sheriff of our said county, commanding him to bring before the said Court three persons therein named, and to summon one Thomas Withers to answer by what authority he held possession of the persons described in said writ.

The powers of this Court to inflict summary punishment upon its officers for willful misconduct and contempt will doubtless not be denied. The testimony in this case is all documentary, and such as is within the knowledge of the Court, and upon a full examination of respondent's answer to the specifications, we find all the material facts in the case admitted, but many averments as to matters which transpired in the presence of the Court are erroneous, as at the time the adjournment was granted on respondent's motion, and the appointment of a guardian was asked for by Mr. Jolliffe it was distinctly stated by the Court that the guardian as such would and could not be looked to for the production in Court of the persons claimed to be slaves; but that in pursuance of an Act of the Legislature passed in 1856, the Court would also appoint Mr. D. Eggleston as guardian of the persons named in the habeas corpus writ, which appointment alone would be relied upon for their production at the time to which respondent asked the cause adjourned; respondent also errs in stating the persons to have been in the custody of the sheriff, for upon the return of the writ of habeas corpus by that officer the custody was then with the Court, and was not transferred by the appointment of Mr. Eggleston; but his custody was the custody of the court, which fact this respondent ought not to have been ignorant of at the time of the procurement of a second writ of habeas corpus returnable before him, Judge Carter. Respondent states that he requested the Court to require of Mr. Eggleston as guardian a bond of indemnity for the benefit of the master in a sum equal to the value of the persons claimed to be slaves, to which we may respond that the Legislature of Ohio has ever since the formation of our Constitution entirely neglected to recognize the right of property in human beings, and hence a guardian's bond or any other bond conditioned as is asked for by respondent taken by this Court would have been without precedent, and unauthorized by law. Respondent states that at his law office, various propositions were discussed touching the legal rights of his clients, and that then and there determined to apply to one of the Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas for the allowance of another writ of habeas corpus, to which statement of respondent we would inquire what legal rights of his client could not have been more determined, and whether herein respondent does not admit it his deliberate intent to have been to treat the jurisdiction of this court with contempt. Respondent further defends and pleads the practice of this Court in habeas corpus cases which cannot avail him, since his averment wholly misrepresents the practice of this Court. Respondents as to the conversation between the Court and his Hon. Judge Carter.

We are of the opinion that you were guilty of a contempt of this Court in the following particulars: 1. In the procuring a continuance of the habeas corpus case for the purpose of enabling you to prepare and file the answer of your client, Mr. Withers, claimant of the persons named in the writ, and defendant in the cause, to be his slaves, which averment we granted on your motion. Your subsequent conduct proves that you made no effort to prepare your client's answer, nor did you appear at the hour to which you asked the cause to be continued, though not presented by any conceivable circumstance. 2d. That you procured the allowance of another writ of habeas corpus by the Hon. A. G. W. Carter, thereby laying the foundation of an apparent conflict of jurisdiction, well knowing at the time of the procurement of said second writ, that the jurisdiction of this Court was full and complete in this case. There is no principle better settled than that no two Courts can exercise jurisdiction over the same subject matter, at the same time, in cases of habeas corpus, and that, even if the jurisdiction were concurrent that the Court first taking jurisdiction would retain it, to the entire exclusion of all other Courts, until its powers are exercised and determined.

You, therefore, in open violation of one of the fundamental laws (upon the observance of which alone can the harmony of judicial proceedings be preserved), procuring the issuing of another writ by another Court of the jurisdiction, with no power over the subject which was yet before us, pending the examination of the same question here, and for no other reason than to treat the jurisdiction of this Court with contempt. The powers and jurisdiction of the court are entrusted to the Judge who is bound to vindicate the offended laws. When we reflect upon the great wrongs committed, and the insult offered to the sovereign State of Ohio by trampling into the dust her constitution and laws, we feel it to be our duty to correct the outrage in such manner as is provided by law.

The questions involved in the merits of the habeas corpus case as here presented, were questions in which the people of Ohio have a deep interest, and it would have been eminently proper that these questions involving personal liberty should have been met and decided, as I doubt not that many of our citizens are desirous of knowing whether under the constitution and laws of the State, slavery can exist within her borders, whether masters can land at our wharves negro slaves, and whether the relation of master and slave exists under our laws and constitution, the protection and protection of which is of quite as much importance to the people of our State, as the protection of the slave power, and involving as well the question of the right of transit; whether the institution of slavery is possible beyond the boundaries of the State. Whether it can be brought within, live and exist under the constitution and laws. —

It is quite certain that we in this case have had an exhibition of the spirit of the institution under the constitution of Ohio, for we have in this court seen the master exercising the powers of the master over the slave, and that, as we could be inclined to believe over the offspring of his own body — we had a desire to investigate whether the citizens of Ohio can by law protect themselves against such outrages, and whether the modesty and feelings of our citizens are to be insulted with impunity by such exhibitions without remedy. The decision of which question has been presented by your acts. I am about to retire from office, my official term will soon expire by limitation; and my duty is to leave the office of Probate Judge of Hamilton County, clothed with the dignity and authority contemplated by our constitution and laws.

Believing as I do that you have committed a contempt of the jurisdiction of this Court, the sentence of the court is, that you be fined the sum of \$500 for said contempt.

CONDOLERCE.

To our dearly beloved brothers, Samuel Patterson and Robert E. Phillips, Esq. of Rochester County, Maryland.

These your "biggers are gone" — thirty of them! And you have lost some \$20,000 worth of human flesh! What a pity, especially, as you are such good Methodists. How many presents you might have made to Dr. Quigley, and how many you might have given Dr. Darby for the missionary cause, had they stood with you according to the "scripture," which you cannot now give. And then they made you hate them, (with Cola dogs and gins, for ought we know) on the Sabbath! It's too bad! The fools are "utterly incapable of taking care of themselves," and need your oversight and protection. You hold them under the Golden Rule, "for their good," of course. "There is *deba* or no mercenary slaveholding in our Church

on the Border." And you are even willing to add \$3,000 in all your free labor for their good, for the privilege of taking care of them a little longer, till you can meet a Mississippi trader. But they are gone! — you own for good! — Sixteen of them passed through Syracuse one day; the next day eleven, and two, who got past from the "conflict" in Philadelphia, are yet "to arrive." That makes the *thirty*, as they said from "Dorchester County, Maryland."

They're gone, gone to live under the galling yoke of Queen Victoria, no more to sing "Hall Columbia," and this "Land of Liberty," or to enjoy the blessings of your Christian civilization. Most sincerely do we all pity you, and none more than the "Abolitionists."

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 5, 1857.

SALEM ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The time is rapidly approaching for this annual festival in aid of the anti-slavery cause; and the few persons on whom rests the responsibility of sustaining it are most industriously at work in preparation. True, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of the season, its prospects look in some respects, less promising than in previous years, yet they are resolved to do what they can, well knowing that if the same purpose pervades the hearts of all other friends of the measure and its object, the avail of the fair need not fall one whit short of the best success in the past. Indeed the fair this season offers its aid with peculiar propriety — Money is comparatively scarce, but the cellars and garrets, store-houses and barns of our farmers are groaning with the weight of their rich burdens. From these, contributions can be easily spared and without being missed by the donors, and the Managers of the Fair will make them available to the spread of anti-slavery truth. They are the more anxious to do this, because never before were the ears and hearts of the people more open to receive or embrace the truth. With such a state of public feeling, no friend of the cause can feel like abandoning it, or curtailing his contributions, especially, when it only asks for a trifle of what he has abundance.

Friends in different localities have been written to with the request that they would interest themselves in making collections. It is hoped that whenever practicable, these persons will cheerfully discharge this labor; and when they cannot, that they will see that some one else will do it.

Contributions may be sent to the care of the Editor of the Bugle, or to Joel M. Millian, Salem.

These contributions may consist of any of the products of your farms or your workshops, grain of all kinds, fruits, preserved or otherwise, poultry, eggs, butter, cheese — stone ware, furniture, abuses — clothing of all kinds, as well as fancy articles.

The Committee also request the contributors to forward early, when convenient, before the day of opening the Fair.

THE CONQUEST OF THE STATES.

Slavery is marching steadily forward to the subjugation of the States, under the Dred Scott Decision. In strict accordance with the President's declaration, that "The Federal Constitution creates slavery into all the territories" of the Union, his chosen organ the Washington Union, and *now* affirms that the same Constitution carries it also into the states, in spite of state constitutional provisions to the contrary. The organ doubtless speaks by authority. The people of the Northern and Eastern States will perhaps say by and by become fully acquainted with the interpretation of their national constitution.

A late number of the Union says:

"The Constitution declares that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' Every citizen coming into another State has there, a right to the protection of his person, and the property which is recognized as such by the Constitution of the United States, any law of a State to the contrary notwithstanding."

So far from any State having a right to deprive him of this property, it is in his bounden duty to protect him in its possession.

If these views are correct — and we believe it would be difficult to invalidate them — it follows that all State laws, whether organic or otherwise, which prohibit a citizen of one State from settling in another, and bringing his slave property with him, and most especially declaring it forfeited, are direct violations of the original intention of the Government which, as before stated, is the protection of person and property, and the Constitution of the United States which recognises property in slaves, and declares that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States,' among the most essential of which is the protection of person and property."

Howard Worcester Gilbert, will please accept our thanks for his contribution to our present number. The lines are beautifully descriptive of the pensive sweetness of autumn, and at the same time impress a noble thought, — a needed truth upon the reader.

A CONVENTION IN BEHALF OF KANSAS.—A general Convention of the friends of free Kansas throughout the Union, is called to assemble in Cleveland, on the 16th and 17th of the present month. The object of the call is "to organize public sentiment against the attempt of destroying and subjugating the people of that Territory, and to adopt such other measures for securing their rights and those of the people of the free states, as may be deemed necessary." Those issuing the call, also, urgently recommend the immediate getting up of remonstrances to congress against the reception of the state into the Union, under the fraudulent, minority constitution recently adopted. Whether it will avail anything for Kansas or not, such a measure is well in behalf of the people. Such remonstrance should be circulated and should be signed by every man and woman in the nation who has any sense of justice, or any regard for the principles of self-government.

A MEMPHIS ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—A Convention has been called by numerous ministers and members of five annual conferences in the State of New York to be held at Rochester on the 18th inst. The important objects of the convention are set forth in the Call as follows:

1st. Whether we endorse or repudiate the doctrine, that the thousands of Slaveholders now in our Church, are thereby *Constitutional*.

2d. Whether we shall direct our efforts to the obtaining of a change of the General Rule on Slavery, or insisting that the General Rule is not in our way, look only to direct *prohibitory* legislation.

3d. If it is deemed best to attempt a change of the General Rule, to consider what change is best to propose, whether the one voted upon at the last General Conference, or some other, so that the whole plan shall not be defeated by the starting of different propositions, upon which the votes of Anti-Slavery Conferences shall be wasted.

4. To consider whether any thing further can be done, and if so, what, to secure the effectual extirpation of Slavery from the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1860.

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THE RIGHT KIND OF CHRISTIANITY.—Zion's Herald in an article disapproving of the appropriation of missionary money in any society where slaveholders are allowed to hold membership, has the following in regard to the kind of Christianity which should be cherished and sustained.

"We say, *assume the original Methodist ground*. No church fellowship with slaveholders, no exchange of pulpits with those who hold slaves or justify it, and then no territorial limits to our gospel, but war without quarter with all kinds of sin — Southern, Eastern, Western and Northern. Free our churches if we can to Florida and Texas. We despise the idea of mapping the world into sections and accommodating it with a Christianity according to climate and circumstances, such as a distillery Christianity for grain-growing regions, a polygamous Christianity for Utah, an opium-eating, intemperate Christianity for China, a man-eating Christianity for the

slaveholders, and even an anxiety to bear the subject.

After leaving Wards, Dr. Brooks went to Jamestown, and left me in charge of four of whom are fully committed to abolition.

The younger ones, I think, are on the road to reach the same goal. Of course, I say it was ample, and gives no pedigree.

After arriving in Jamestown, I learned that my arrival was anticipated by Mr. Howland, who had been made for Mr. Howland's avowing, but by some mistake, in the arrangement, it was impossible that Mr. Howland should be in attendance. I consented to go and it was best I might, and so another Joseph Brookway, I made my appearance.

Our second gathering — on Friday evening — was at a very different place, and was reached only by a very rough ride, in very rough weather, over very rough roads.

And when we reached Elton we continued to find some use for the adjective by which I described our passage thither, for our audience — or a considerable part of it — was about as rough and ill-bred as the warmest admirers of uneducated nature could desire. But bless you! they have had no anti-slavery meeting there for fifteen years, and when better could be expected of them?

The church, the pro-slavery and infidel church has been their instructor, and it would be unreasonable to look for kindness and courtesy toward reformers among those whom it has trained, to say nothing of equal and exact justice, which was all we asked.

Did you notice the Editorial in the last Standard, entitled "Political Morality"? Such an article is worthy a place, even in your columns. Nothing could be better said on the last Presidential election, or on the Republican part of it, than this:

The last great political movement, which came near putting its candidate into the White House — which it probably would have done had the Pennsylvania election been fairly conducted and returned — that movement rested itself solely on the permission to the people of Kansas to keep slavery out of the State to be created out of their Territory, if they so pleased.

A broad foundation, truly, on which to build up a national party — the right of men who had shown themselves to be men or so bringing as to forbid colored men to be members of their commonwealth, to keep themselves from being made the mean whites, the white trash, rich slaveholding neighbours!

As far as they were concerned, they deserved no better fate. But the permanence to be given to slavery and the locking of the yoke upon the necks of the blacks, these things hardly entered into the contemplation of the politicians who played that hand.

The White Men, and not the Black, were the cards that were played out, and it has been of no particular importance that the game was lost. But it was another proof of the deterioration of Political Morality.

I do not recollect whether you have given an opinion on the new "Atlantic Monthly." Perhaps you will not thank me for mine. The Publishers surely will not. Simply as a Literary Question, I have no opinion to give. My training, early or later, had no reference to such enquiries.

But when a new work of such pretensions as this last monthly appears, we may all ask, have the publishers any particular message or mission to mankind, which requires this new gospel? The antecedents of Messrs. Phillips & Sampson, would lead me to doubt whether their commission has ought of Divinity in it. They are certainly very thriving publishers of books, and worthy men doubtless in other regards. And the New Monthly will be a good advertising medium for their other works. But a glance through the first Number, leads one to doubt whether the world will be more indebted to it, than to Putnam's Picture Books, or the *pirate* *whig* cards, Weekly and Monthly, of the Harpers. Some of the pieces, Sally Parsons for instance, Pendleton and the Financial Flurry, it seems to me belong to the "Comic Almanac." They would be quite too exalted in most of the *piratical* like *Gleasons* and *Frank Leslie's*, which I suppose by the places where I often see them, are manufactured mostly for stable boys and others whose taste though peculiar, is not peculiarly elevated. Most of the remaining articles, though well enough written, have little in them original, or particularly striking, either in manner or matter. Both Publishers and Contributors appear to me to be moved by a common impulse to give the *Country* or their *Patrons*, so much what they really need, as what they are willing to pay for. A sad consideration truly, in a nation reeking with the crimes and curses of slavery, and ripening rapidly for the just judgments of Heaven.

Truly yours, still hoping,

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Concord, N. H., Nov. 26, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND ROBINSON: Dr. Brooks misund

ered me at Cleveland.

I never said, or surely

never intended to say,

"that the time has gone by

for arguments to be adressed to the people."

I did say the time for arguments on the "Constitutionality of Slavery" has gone by, and have said

so fifty times before.

Slavery does not exist because

it is "Constitutional."

Our country has a consti

tutional love of sin of all kinds, but in no other

way legally or politically speaking: the constitu

tion of the United States has nothing to do with

the existence or continuance of slavery whatever.

The system has a broader, deeper, firmer basis

than that.

Men might as well plead as excuse for

their ten or twelve children, born of one frail and

feeble mother, than the bible authorizes it — even

commands them to "Increase and multiply," as

to argue for or against slavery, from the constitu

tion.

And above all things, if men will prove the

constitution to be *anti-slavery*, let them first prove

that they are not hypocrites, by letting alone can

claims for chief magistrates, in State or Nation,

who maintain, and are sworn to maintain the very

opposite doctrine.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Original Poetry.

Autumn by the Shores of the Susquehanna.

By Howard Worcester Gilbert.

Over the silent mountain's crown,
Over the broad swell of sober bays,
And the wide, hazy valley down,
And down the glens with smoky deeps,
The drowsy Indian Summer creeps,—
And all the landscape quiet sleeps.
Once more, as in a land of dreams,
The Algonquin through the misty boughs,
Seems gliding down these Indian streams.
Now the ruffed grouse, deep in the wood,
Seeks 'mid the fallen leaves his food,
Or drums amid the solitude.
Of living thing there is no stir;
Save the brown-mottled quails that whirr
Off to some hollow shelter.

From dappled boughs the sycamores
Strew thick upon the watery bier
Its scalloped leaves all ambered a'er.
Out in the fields all here and there,
The cricket's autumn note I hear
Among the long grass dead and sere.

High in the pale sky, a note;
The blunder bough is seen to float
Southward afar with saddened note;

And goblins, gathering in the air,
Perplexed are wheeling sudden there,
Then clear to other climes more fair.

And sitting all day weary
Upon his white and blasted tree
The crow is cawing ominously.

Yet later, in the morning time,
A feather still the east doth claim—
The grass is white with hoary rime.

Until, from ashen skies again
Yielding the late November rain
Beats on the bluer window-pane,

From clouds that o'er the faded leas
And o'er the woods as leas as these,
Sweep inland from the rainy seas.

The brands their sudden flashes throw
Upon my heart, that come and go,
Lighting my room with ready glow;

Whilst I with volume conned well,
Read what St. David's monk doth tell
In his quaint, olden chronicle,

Of Alfred, king the good and wise,
Before whose clear and gen'le eyes
The truth was truth and lies were lies,—

Against all evil striving long,
Loving the right and hating wrong,
Shielding the weak against the strong;

Whose righteousness, through justice bold,
Is symbol, in these days of old,
Bad is the crown of pusset gold.

Who, in a dark and barbarous age
Amid war's havos and its rage,
Was peopled with counsel-sage,

Whose fame, though monkish tales and
Down from that age of wrongs and crimes,
Bath pierces even to these later times,—

These later times when they who see
Only the surface, all agree
The well with truth and liberty;

But they who yield, not to a name
Look on nation's mighty fame
Not proudly, but with reddening shame,

Knowing that boast and idle pride
Are not the pillars of a state,—
The language of a people great;

But blemishes which still doth seek,
With holy heart and purpose mock,
To save the poor, and wronged, and weak.

With thoughts like these I while away
The long and dreary autumn day,
And drearier evening misty grey.

And enter on another morn
With lofty courage newly born,
And not as one with labour worn.

And bless the God who giveth still
These days before the threatening ill,
And the bitter cup be hit.

And forward look, not without fear,
From out this sultry season drear,
And hope for days of better cheer.

Cherry County, Pennsylvania,
November, 1857.

Miscellaneous.

From Duke's Household Words.

CALCUTTA.

A hundred years ago by the almanac, there stood—on the left bank of the river Hooghly, a mile or two from its entrance into the Bay of Bengal—a fort, a palace, and a strolling crowd of Hindoo bairbs. To-day the fort, the ditch, the palace, still remain, and, save the mud dwellings, more numerous, but no cleaner, than of old. Nevertheless, the change has been marked—that is to say, for us, western country, though to western minds, which have contemplated the progress of Australian colonies, of English cities, and of American states, the hundred years might as well have been ten or a dozen.

Calcutta—is, as it is hopefully designated, the City of Palaces—in a huge compound of the grand, the stately, the inconveniency, and the luxuriant. It is a whitened hybrid of the East and the West. It unites within its walls the manners and most characteristic of London, Paris, and of the most Western cities of India, which I choose to designate Turkestan. The Black Rose—once famed for its attractions is no more; its dingy stones are levelled with the ground, but the blackish mud is still to be found in the metropolis of British India, to find many other Black Holes, not quite so small, perhaps, nor so very notorious, though nearly as notorious, and wherein things as foul are perpetrated. The Dutch of eighteen hundred and seven, the French, are doubtless a far more cleanly crew than those that which existed in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven; but there is a huge social disease, emanating this City of Palaces—fester, more repulsive with deleterious and hurtful exhalations, than any physical swamp in any Timbuctoo, Africa, or Europe.

Steep up the Hooghly in the River Bird, or the Ganges, or the Magus, and her flat, and you picture yourself being wafted along the bosom of the Old Father Thames. Forests of tall tapering masts; swarms of row-boats; piles of stately ware-houses; masses of heavy steam-boats waft you to imagination to London. Stroll into the gay jeweler's shops, the magnificent refreshment-rooms, the attractive maddies' show-rooms, and you suddenly

find yourself amidst the gilt, the marble, the mirrors, the pictures, the roses, of the boulevards of Paris. Squeeze yourself into one of the perambulating coffins called palanquins, and suffer yourself to be borne and jolted through the Bazaar Bazaar, "Capitulah," or, "Bancomey Galley," and lo! you feel that Cairo lives, and moves, and has its being about you. In the most fashionable quarter of the city—Chorwaghee, the Belgravias of Calcutta—you find African huts, and Chinese bazaars, jostling London mansions, and Parisian hotels—England supplies this metropolis of the East with coal, and steam—with shipping, and ware-houses. France supplies the dim street-lamps, the aqueducts, the luxury, the gaiety. Cairo contributes the colors and bazaars, and dirt, and Timbuctoo waters the high ways and byways with the festering streams of the Hooghly, squirts, dark and hideous—like pigs skinning across human backs.

This blending of nationalities may be found in the institutions of the land, not less than in its off-sides, and in its daily life. Europe imports vitality to the Chamber of Commerce, Le Poer, the superior court. Cairo tinctures, with its effects despotism, the proceedings of the municipal commissioners, and the legislative council. Calcutta has a correspondence with the supreme government, and you find yourself in close contact with red tape, reeking with the caterpillar dye of the Timbuctoo Downing Street. Institute proceedings in the Company's Sudder Court, and below it, presented over by judges possessing the sagacity, the soundness, the integrity, the industry, of Timbuctoo lawyers. Examine the Company's colleges, and you find their chair filled by professors, and the department presided over by men who have taken an exceedingly high honour at Timbuctoo; the tree of knowledge therein cultivated, has been transplanted from the Great Desert of Sahara; its learning, the order, the wisdom, the utility, and above all, the cost, are deeply imbedded with the spirit of Timbuctoo.

If we could wend out the Cairo, and Timbuctoo thorns and thistles, Calcutta might become a garden of pretty palaces. A good fire on a very windy day, might answer the purpose in some respects. But we trust, for our present purpose, like I and describe it as existing in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

After a long voyage full of discomfort, and some anxiety of mind, of disinteresting river navigation the traveller greets even novelty with the warmest admiration. Sandy creeks become picturesque bays. A clump of stunted trees are converted into a magnificently topped or graced. A knot of mud huts are looked upon as model villages, singularly picturesque. A long view of jagged hills and more than half a dozen fortresses and white, bearded palaces. The Bengal's Colleges with ample lawns and pretty landing, the Botanical Gardens, with towering trees and shady walks; and then the Midnapore—the Hyde Park of Calcutta—bound on one side by the river full of shipping, and on the others by lofty mansions and gigantic palms—all these cannot but strike the new-comer with some admiration. He must be, indeed, most difficult to please, who can look on this, and remain indifferent to it.

Take your way along the well watered carriage drive which skirts the Midnapore, any fair November evening, and you will find the City of Palaces on horseback, jolting in carriages, or lounging in gigs, enjoying the cool crisp air after the hot glare of a clear bright day. One might fancy it Ratten Row—so many and gay are the equipages—were it not for the admixture of races. The haughty, civilian, stiff with the pride of the exalted service—the white man's high caste—is just by the haughty Bazaar, reclining on velvet cushions, and glistening with gold and jewelry. The princely merchant is followed by the country-born clerk in his bumbledey. The general sweep upon the wealthy English shopkeeper, who dashes past his military dignity, only to sneer at the rich Armenian dealer driving his grey Arabs at the top of their speed to the anger and terror of the "beweasted" ladies. In ten minutes you may behold in the Calcutta Midnapore more gaiety, more pride of place, more intolerable baseness, than in any dozen cities and bazaars, or in any country.

Had the palatial city been built, not like a snake, it could scarcely have been a more quiet and forsaken air than it does at the sultry hour of noon day in its most fashionable quarter, say on April in April. It might, for any visible signs of industry, change its name to the city we read of in the Arabian Nights; every inhabitant must have been removed by the municipal commissioners for, in street, or road, or gateway, there is nothing but blinding sunshine and scorching, choking dust. The crows and hawks, though accustomed to warmish weather, and seldom very particular in their habits, have retired for the day, dead beat by the entry of oppression of the hour. One only big baulk of Adjutant, remains to brave the terrible heat, perched aloft on the stone dome of the Governor General's palace, it stands erect, and unyielding as if instead of an Adjutant, the stout bird had been a common soldier, ordered to die at his post, and inexorably determined to do so.

Sleep—hot and exhaustive—has set its seal upon the major part of the City of Palaces. It might be midnight, with the sun shining down upon the hushed streets instead of the moon, as still is everything. Timbuctoo dozes in the Presidency and Engineering Colleges. Cairo sleeps soundly in the Bazaar and the Baboo's courtyard. Paris and Timbuctoo slumber heavily in the darkened rooms, and shaded vestibules of Park Street and Theater Road. From the Member of Council's door, down couch, to the swaying, swaying, swaying, from the palid mien and faint air that from the light of day, the stalwart Turkestan at the gate, all are bowed in mid day sleep. The office-shaded over the table, the toys upon the floor, the open novel on the couch, the empty slant case, the neglected barrel near the Durwashi's home, the ironed apertures sit a turbaned youth at a desk, rattling postage-stamps, from the value of three farthings to one shilling. In no part of the world are letters conveyed more cheaply than in British India. A halfpenny, or three farthing postage-stamp will frank a letter of the proper weight, from the northernmost post office in the Punjab to the most southern village of Cape Comorin, how many hundreds of miles an epistle would have to travel, and take three posts to get there.

In a little narrow verandah, before a series of half-enclosed apertures, sits a turbaned youth at a desk, rattling postage-stamps, from the value of three farthings to one shilling. In no part of the world are letters conveyed more cheaply than in British India. A halfpenny, or three farthing postage-stamp will frank a letter of the proper weight, from the northernmost post office in the Punjab to the most southern village of Cape Comorin, how many hundreds of miles an epistle would have to travel, and take three posts to get there.

Take about three pounds of lard and one pound of resin. Melt them together in a basin or kettle, and rub over all iron or steel surfaces in danger of being rusted. It can be pal on with a brush or piece of cloth, and whatever it is applied to, must keep air and moisture away, and of course prevent rust.

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Let us step in and see what is doing at one or two of the City of Palaces' colleges. These national institutions for spending money under false pretences, are worth a passing glance, as much as they are the means of filling several hundred pages of letterpress, annually, in the shape of Reports on Palatial Education. The halls and rooms are vast enough, the punks swing lazily enough; the professors—with one or two exceptions—do little enough; the classes are select enough; and truly the cost is heavy enough, to satisfy the most highly gifted of the covenanted. Consequently, these expensive gardens for cultivating the Great Saharsa tree of knowledge, are eminently successful—in their way.

It is true there is one or two (possibly not more) gentlemen of distinguished ability and character in the institutions, not less than in its off-sides, and in its daily life. Europe imports vitality to the Chamber of Commerce, Le Poer, the superior court. Cairo tinctures, with its effects despotism, the proceedings of the municipal commissioners, and the legislative council. Calcutta has a correspondence with the supreme government, and you find yourself in close contact with red tape, reeking with the caterpillar dye of the Timbuctoo.

It was not many weeks since the passengers by railway had to cross in a crazy little native steamer reached by a single plank from the muddy beach to the wet deck. Even now with a good platform and a larger boat, the crowding, confusion, and haze are disgusting and disgraceful, though quite in keeping with the other arrangements of this guaranteed line.

Beyond this, again, is the Wapping of Calcutta, where the native trading craft from the upper and eastern provinces congregate in vast masses, laden with all the varied produce of the country. A *hawker* seems to have presence itself, not to be met with in India. Cotton and jute stores, rice sheds, immense warehouses, crowd the dense neighborhood; while, out of bounden array of vultures and gulls await the burning Ghats, the comfortable pickings of the next dead Hindoo.

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The whole of the exports of Bengal, with few exceptions, pass through native agency; and we may nearly say the name of the imports. The reader in the far West, may perhaps form some idea of the busy scenes daily enacting in the bazaars of Calcutta, when he learns that the official (but by no means the real) value of the exports of last year, was little short of fourteen millions sterling, while the imported goods were valued at over eight millions.

To convey all this to and from Europe required fifteen hundred ships of an aggregate burden of nearly a million of tons. To carry the same to and from the interior, has needed twice that capacity of tonnage. Thus flows the great stream of commerce in the East, enriching as it passes the many thousands who swarm in and around the City of Palaces.

opened this year, whereas we have scarcely a sixth part of it in operation. But then the railway department is provided over by a high military force, who studied railways for several years at a high salary in Timbuctoo.

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ALL AGENTS FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Photo T. Merritt, Ionia, Michigan.
Adriano, Samuel Bagail, Michigan.
Livonia, Harriet Failes.
Plymouth, Isaac N. Hadden.
Tipton, Samuel D. Moore.
Union City, John D. Zimmerman, Michigan.
McKoy Grove, The Fox.
Belle Creek, Pebe H. Merritt.
Bedford, Henry Cornell.
Farmington, Abram Powers.
Ann Arbor, H. Glazier.
Edinburgh, Thomas C. Heighton, Ohio.
Joseph Pickett, Winchester, Indiana.
Winona, H. H. Bright, Indiana.
G. L. Gale, Northport, Indiana.
Wm. Hopkins, Fremont, ".Elizabeth Moore, Angola, ".Henry Bowman, Johnstown, Barry Co. Mich.
Daniel Earle, Newton Falls, Ohio.

FALL OF 1857.

J. & L. SCHILLING

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